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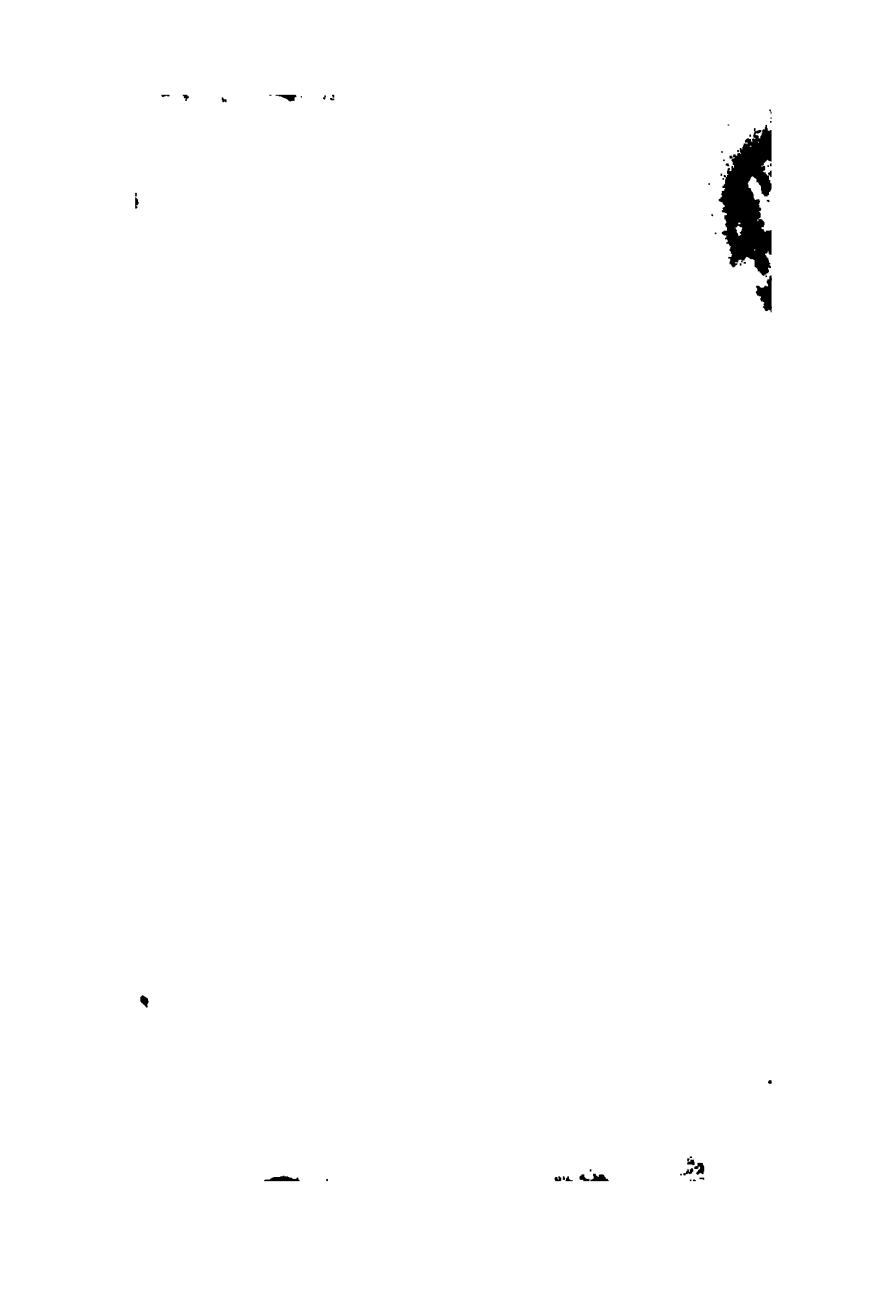
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James Bonding

A. J. Ellis.

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A. J. Ellis.



CARMINA EVANGELICA,

OR

HYMNS

CHIEFLY COLLECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY WILLIAM MAURICE.

"AND THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES,—AND THE SONG OF
THE LAMB." Rev. xv. 3.

ETERNAL YEARS MY THEME SHALL BE
THAT JESUS LIV'D AND DY'D FOR ME.

BOLTON;
PRINTED BY R. M. HOLDEN, BOOKSELLER,
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1839.

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TO THE
CHURCH AND CONGREGATION
OF
INDEPENDENT
PROTESTANT DISSENTERS,
ASSEMBLING IN
DUKE'S ALLEY, BOLTON.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,

THE God whom we serve and adore, is worthy to have the honours of his name held in eternal remembrance and reverence, and to be praised from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. He is great and condescending; just and merciful; tremendous and lovely; righteous and good; glorious in holiness; fearful in his praises; and wonderful in all his works and way. Every display of his glorious nature to his creatures, lays them under an obligation to praise and adore him who liveth for ever and ever, and in whom they live, move, and have their being: it must therefore follow, that our duty to praise him, with all the powers of soul and body, is coeval with the very first dawns of the knowledge of his greatness and worthiness; and if there was no other reason why we should do it, the

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consideration alone would sufficiently warrant our lifting up our hearts with our voices, and praising our God as long as our existence continues.

But besides that, in order fully to satisfy us as to the duty of singing the high praises of God, he has intimated it to be his sovereign pleasure ; and likewise left upon record, for our instruction and imitation, many persons, who, at his command, and considering it as their great privilege, actually engaged in this delightful employment.

When he gave his statutes to Jacob and his judgments to Israel, it was one part of his enjoined worship to "praise the name of God with a song." Accordingly we find this duty urged, by the writers of the Old Testament, from the consideration of its being a command of God, and therefore acceptable as worship to him. The same is inculcated in the New Testament, which corresponds with the Old in shewing that "praise is comely;" that it is proper to "come unto Sion with songs" still ; and that, both in public and private, we ought to admonish and edify each other by psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs ; "singing and making melody" with grace in our hearts to the Lord. Eph. v. 19. Col. iii. 16.

High and low, rich and poor, not only should praise God, but have, where their hearts have been right with him, praised his name together in a song. When Israel saw their enemies sunk as lead into the depths of the sea, "*then sang Moses and the children of Israel this*

song unto the Lord" together, "the Lord has triumphed gloriously," &c. Deborah, that mother in Israel, joined her voice with that of Barak, the son of Abinoam, to praise the Lord. The son of Jesse, that royal and sweet Psalmist of Israel, did not disdain to lay aside his sceptre for his lyre, and, mingling with the thousands of his subjects and fellow-worshippers, accompany it and them with his voice—disdain, did I say? So far from that, it was his glory; and the subjects of his songs, are the themes that angels glory to sing. He yet sings, both in his writings and in heaven, how the right hand of the Lord was exalted in the overthrow of Egypt, and the deliverance of Israel: but he sings likewise of "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." His tongue is as "the pen of a ready writer," to speak the praises of King Messiah, the "Lord of Glory." His oppositions, his conquests, his triumphs, his liberality, his salvation, and his glory were the grandest subjects that ever swelled the most solemn, sublime, and affecting of the inimitable Jessæan lays. May the same subjects be often in our mouths, and always in our hearts.

Nor less were these subjects dwelt upon, and this practice attended unto, under the New Testament dispensation, and from the earliest ages of it. Jesus, the King of kings, and great Legislator of his church, when he tabernacled upon earth, sung with his chosen followers previous to his meritorious sufferings. His disciples followed the blessed practice of their great and adored

Master, after he was ascended to heaven, from whence he came. Paul and Silas did the same, even in a prison at midnight; and Paul was careful to perpetuate this noble part of divine worship, by enjoining it upon the churches to whom he writes, and through them to all others.

We learn by the testimony of a heathen of considerable credibility, I mean Pliny, that the same practice was continued by the followers of Christ in his days, that is, about the year of our Lord 100; nor was there ever a time, that I know of, from that to this, in which it was generally abandoned. Part of the subjects, indeed, dwelt upon then in singing, have been thrown out with sovereign contempt by some pretendedly very wise since those days. The Christians in the time of Pliny, he says expressly, "sung hymns to Christ as though he were, or under the idea of his being GOD."* Eusebius, a Christian bishop, who lived in the time of the emperor Constantine, and about the year of our Lord 300, tells us of "certain psalms and odes, wrote by the faithful brethren in the first age, which celebrate the divinity of the Christ the Word of God."† Some persons think they see better than that now, and therefore abhor such hymns as contain that eternal truth, or any other truths founded thereupon. They are objects of pity. May the eternal Spirit open their eyes to see the glories of Jesus, and grant even unto them also salva-

* Plinii Epist. lib. 10. epist. 97.

† Euseb. Hist. Eccles. lib. 5. c. 28.

tion by his blood. Whatever they may say or do, we will sing hymns to Christ as our God; nor need we fear being wrong in so doing, while the ransomed above sing the same eternally.

I do not mean to suggest that the following hymns are the only ones in which this truth and its concomitants are to be found. There are doubtless thousands more in the world that breathe a kindred spirit with them, and it is my sincere wish that there may be millions more of the same kind. Plenty of good witnesses will not diminish the goodness or justice of a cause.

Many, in composing such hymns, have done worthily in Israel; and their memories are blessed. The praise, particularly of Dr. Watts, is deservedly great in the churches. He shines as a sun among the stars; and as long as a just taste either for poetry or evangelic truth remains in the world, he is likely to retain the preference; and it is matter of astonishment to me that such wretched performances as Sternhold and Hopkins, the Scotch version and others, of the psalms, should ever be sung where Watts' is known, as there admits of no comparison betwixt his and theirs.

With respect both to his psalms and hymns, I profess myself to be among the number of his admirers, and cannot think the works of this kind of any individual whatever equal to his; the consequence of which is, my constant use of both the psalms and hymns: but, at the same time, I cannot help thinking some persons too strongly prejudiced to them, who, to show their attach-

ment to Watts and his compositions, will suffer none besides to be sung where they have any influence. They must either suppose him to have psalms and hymns upon every subject in the word of God, and the experience of Christians in all states, and these represented in every proper point of view; or that the rest of the hymns, composed by others, are not worthy to be introduced into the worship of God. But neither of these ideas can be supported, because they are both equally unjust. Have not many ministers, and others, who choose the hymns, often complained that they could meet with no hymn or psalm in Watts' works, which suited their subject and views of it? And in the judgment of many judicious and worthy persons, there are at least some hymns, composed by other hands, that may vie with any of his individual psalms or hymns; still admitting that he ought to have the preference upon the whole: and I verily believe, if he was alive, he would blame the above mentioned conduct, as tending to rob the church of Christ of the edification which might be derived from that diversity of gifts which the Lord himself hath given, in his own infinite wisdom, for a valuable end.

Hence there appears to me a propriety, and a probability of usefulness, in a well-chosen collection of hymns from other authors, especially when used as a supplement to Watts', and coinciding with him in his views of the Gospel of Christ. A greater variety of metres likewise may be introduced, which, if properly used, *may have a tendency to remedy that insupportable dul-*

ness in singing the praises of our covenant God, which too frequently, in many congregations, renders that delightful part of divine worship tedious and burdensome ; and also to bring about that desirable end of engaging whole congregations to join in singing, by enlivening it, instead of the preposterous method of leaving a set of singers to do that for them all, which God requires from every one himself who is capable of it.

This is only a part of the professed design of this publication ; what success besides may attend it remains with him alone who is able to make all means salutary ; this however we know, that the topics dwelt upon in these hymns are such as he has always blessed ; that, in the hand of the spirit they are calculated to awaken *sinner*s from their state of carnal security ; to lead the weary and heavy laden to rest in Jesus ; to raise the affections from earth to heaven ; to rouse the slumbering to activity ; to raise the fallen ; to direct the heart and mind into the love and peace of God ; to establish, strengthen, and comfort believers ; and to make our hearts burn within us by the way to our eternal home : and, as this has been the case in times of old, why may we not expect the same glorious and happy effects ? why may we not yet, in an attendance to the same means, have a shower of grace, and times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power ?

My heart's desire, and prayer to God for you is, that the precious opportunities you possess may be eagerly

X.

seized by you all, and improved for that eternity to which we are fast approaching; that you may each know Jesus as your Redeemer and eternal Friend; that you may taste the joys of sin forgiven through his blood, and rejoice in his righteousness imputed to you all the day long; and that, being changed into the image of Jesus here by the spirit, you may at last sit down with the Almighty Saviour on his throne. What are all the vain things which can be had here below, compared to that exceeding great and eternal weight of glory? If we have any just grounds to expect it, let us rise above the world; set our affections on things above; gird up the loins of our mind; fight the good fight of faith; and be as men that wait for their Lord's return. Yet a very little while and all our toils, our difficulties, and our sorrows will be over; and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. He will take us to his home, his rest, his joy. There shall we sing the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever. Then shall we join in the general chorus of all the ineffably happy tribes of the redeemed, and sing, salvation, and blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb in the midst of the throne for ever and ever. Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.—That this honour and joy may be yours, is the sincere wish of

Your affectionate Pastor,

W. MAURICE.

BOLTON, }
13th September, 1792. }

HYMNS.

1

Praise.

104th.

YE servants of God your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
Our Jesus' praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks *never* ceasing for infinite love.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show.
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless pow'r ;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him Lord of hosts proclaim :
Praise him ev'ry tuneful string,
All the reach of heav'nly art ;
All the pow'rs of music bring,
The music of the heart.

3 Him in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heav'n on earth ador'd ;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord.

3

Coronation Hymn.

C. M.

ALL hail the pow'rs of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face who tunes the choir;
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him ye morning stars of light,
Who fix'd this fleeting ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall;
Hail him who sav'd you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Crown him ye heirs of David's line
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
The crowned Lord of all.

7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,

Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 8 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
That bounds creation's call;
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name;
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in *redeeming love*!

- 2 (Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless *redeeming love*!)
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by *redeeming love*!
- 4 (Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop—and taste *redeeming love*!)
- 5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to your Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love!

6 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in *redeeming love*!

7 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise *redeeming love*!

5 *Praise to the Almighty Saviour.* 11s.

I Long for a concert of heavenly praise,
To Jesus the God, the omnipotent Son!
My voice should awake in harmonious lays,
Could it tell half the wonders that Jesus has
done.

2 I'd sing how he left his own palace of light,
With robes made of glory, that dress'd him
above;
Yet pleas'd with his journey, and swift was
his flight,
For he fled on the pinions of infinite love.

3 All hell and its lions stood roaring around,
His flesh and his Spirit with malice they tore;
While whole worlds of sorrow lay pressing
him down,
As vast as the burden of guilt which he bore.

- 4 Then mention no more of the wrath of a God!
Of the lions of hell, and their roaring no more!
We lift up our eyes to his shining abode,
And our loudest hosannahs his name shall
adore.
- 5 We crown the Triumpher with th' honours
he won :
Hosannah, through all the celestial groves !
The God and the man, how he fills up his
throne !
How he sits, how he shines, how he looks,
how he loves !
- 6 O happy ye heavens, and happy ye hills ;
He treads with his feet, and diffuses his grace !
While mercy and majesty, glories and smiles,
Play gently around the sweet air of his face.
- 7 Amidst the full choir of archangels and songs,
The mighty redeemer eternally reigns :
Whilst the sound of his name from a million
of tongues,
Flies o'er the bright mountains, and blesses
the plains.

LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind !
T' adore the great atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus name.

2 Jesus ! transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heav'n :
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus ! harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love :
'Tis all their happiness to gaze ;
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from guilt set free ;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

7

God praised by Universal Nature. C. M. D.

PRAISE ye the Lord, ye immortal choir,
That fill the realms above :
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
Shine to his praise ye chrystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.

- 2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through all th' ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 3 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
Thunder, and hail, and fire, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 4 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow ;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
On ev'ry thankful bough.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals catch the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King,
Through all the nations round.

8 *God glorious, and Sinners saved.* C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies!

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy great design,
To save rebellious worms:
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

4 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shine,
The justice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

- 6 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

9

Jesus adored.

L. M.

- W**ORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
 In earth and heav'n the Lord of all;
 Ye princes, rulers, pow'rs obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 The deed was done, the Lamb was slain,
 The groaning earth the burden bore:
 He rose! he lives! he lives to reign;
 Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r.
- 3 Whate'er is rich, whate'er is great,
 From worlds unnumber'd hither bring;
 Pour the gay stores before his seat,
 And hail the triumphs of our King.
- 4 Wisdom and strength are his alone,
 He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace,
 Honour has rais'd his lofty throne,
 And glory's seated on his face.
- 5 From heav'n, from earth, loud bursting praise
 The mighty blessings shall proclaim;
 Blessings that men to glory raise,
 To shout the triumphs of the Lamb.

- 6 Higher, still higher, swell the strain,
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The Lamb shall ever, ever reign!
Let hallelujahs crown the song!

10

The Coronation of Christ.

P. M.

- S**HALL loyal nations hail the day
That crown their King with loud acclaim?
And shall not saints their homage pay
To their beloved Saviour's name?
Ye saints resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of glory reigns!
- 2 Jesus who vanquish'd all our foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
From him your ev'ry comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound, in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With ev'ry pow'r to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heav'n and earth unite their strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 4 But earth nor heav'n can e'er proclaim
The boundless glories of their King;
Yet must our hearts adore his name,
Dear name, whence all our blessings spring!

Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns !

5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue !
But, Lord, thy coronation-day
Shall tune a more exalted song ;
Resounding in immortal strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns !

6 He comes ! he comes ! with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd,
Faith views the splendour dawning round,
Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns !

II

Praise to the God of Abraham.

P. M.

THE God of Abr'ham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehova, Great I Am !
By earth and heav'n confes'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abr'ham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand :

I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r:
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

- 3 The God of Abr'ham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heav'n ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his pow'r adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

- 12 *Christ the Steward of God's family.* L. M.

WITH what delight I raise my eyes,
And view the courts where Jesus dwells!
Jesus, who reigns beyond the skies,
And here below his grace reveals.

- 2 Of David's royal house, the key
Is borne by that majestic hand;

Mansions and treasures there I see
 Subjected all to his command.

3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
 The mighty obstacle to move ;
 He looses all their bars again,
 And who shall shut the gates of love ?

4 Fix'd in omnipotence he bears
 The glories of his Father's name,
 Sustains his people's weighty cares,
 Through ev'ry changing age the same.

5 My little all I there suspend,
 Where the whole weight of heav'n is hung :
 Secure I rest on such a friend.
 And into raptures wake my tongue.

13 *God glorious, tremendous, and gracious.* 7s.

O'ER the blest ethereal plains,
 Seats of love and endless peace,
 Girt with might Jehovah reigns ;
 Fountain pure of happiness !

2 Propt on pillars of his pow'r,
 Worlds, with all their massy weight ;
 Hanging rest on Him secure,
 August arbiter of fate.

3 Down where horror clad in night,
 Broods o'er dire infernal plains,

He the true essential light,
In vindictive justice reigns.

4 Praise him then ye radiant bands,
In your noblest strains of love,
Who fulfilling his commands,
Round his bright effulgence move.

5 You, the nearest to his throne,
Chaunt that love you long to know ;
Vivid orbs your music join,
Sing his praise with brightest glow !

6 Gloomy plains of living death,
Fraught with woes that never cease ;
With your baneful blasted breath,
Own submit his just decrees.

7 Chiefly you whose flagrant guilt,
Had incur'd his vengeful ire,
Till th' atoning blood was spilt,
To redeem your souls from fire.

8 Warbling through the vast expanse,
To his throne your voices raise,
'Till the sacred resonance,
Fill infinitude with praise.

14

Christ only the Eternal Life.

L. M

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign Good to fill the mind ?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.

- 2 Say, will the stoic's flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial juice impart ?
Could Plato find these blissful streams,
Amongst his raptures and his dreams ?
- 3 In vain I ask, for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour :
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.
- 4 Jesus, our kingsman, and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.
- 5 All our immortal hopes are laid
In Thee, our Surety and our Head ;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 6 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal life, and Jesu's name ;
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.
- 7 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;

Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r:
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our hearts
Ascending with our tongues:
Sing, till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

16 *Psalm 100, altered from Dr. Watts.* L. M

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

- O** What shall I do, my Saviour to praise;
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace;
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer, that hangs upon Him?
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free;
The people that can be joyful in Thee;
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face;
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness
claim;
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
- 4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

- 5 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

18

Rejoicing in God.

104th.

- R**EJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesus's pow'r, in Jesus's love;
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been;
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin:
The pow'r of thy Spirit can set our hearts free,
And we shall inherit all fulness in thee.
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never can cloy;
To us it is given in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heav'n, a heav'n below.
- 4 No more we comply while sinners invite,
Nor wish to come nigh their source of delight;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.
- 5 O may they at last with sorrow return!
The pleasure to taste for which they were born!
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing the heaven of love.

NOW prepare your hearts to sing
 Glory to our God and King;
 Now a shout of triumph raise,
 Fill the heav'ns with Jesus' praise.

2 Hallelujah to the Lamb !
 Loud his wond'rous love proclaim :
 He for sinners freely dy'd !
 Was for sinners crucify'd !

3 Now my doubts and fears be o'er,
 We distrust his grace no more ;
 Full assurance may we prove,
 Settled in the Saviour's love.

4 In our Jesu's arms secure
 To the end may we endure !
 Join with us, ye angels join,
 Praise his name in hymns divine.

5 Earth below and heav'n above
 Wonder at his boundless love ;
 All admire his grace and pow'r,
 Bless the Lord for evermore.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
 Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.

- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r, and God of love!
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinner's slain,
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.

21

Christ the great Melchisedec.

C. M. D.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee:
No music, like thy lovely name,
Does sound so sweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec!

- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay :
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Jesus be our song.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great-atoning Lamb !
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home !

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heav'nly grace ;
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return to your eternal home.

23

Praise to Christ.

7s.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
 Jesus Christ our joy and peace :
 Let our praise to him be giv'n,
 High at God's right-hand in heav'n !

2 Master, see, to thee we bow ;
 Thou art Lord, and only Thou,
 Thou, the blessed Virgin's seed,
 Glory of thy church and head.

3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing,
 Thee, we praise our Priest and King ;
 Worthy is thy name of praise,
 Full of glory, full of grace !

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought ;
Wrought for all thy church ; and we
Worship in their company.

5 We, thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore ;
Ever with us shew thy love,
Till we join with those above.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice ;
Return, ye weary wanderers home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

3 See, from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

25

Invitation.

P. M.

YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend
While Jesus sends to you :
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame ;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame ;
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there's room:

3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a gracious Lord,
And Faithful is his name.
Backsliding souls return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring sheep draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come ;
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

HARK, in the wilderness a cry !
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth ;
The King appears, behold him nigh !
The God by nature, man by birth !

2 Run to and fro, ye heralds run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way !
Redemption's glorious work's begun,
And who His potent arm shall stay ?

3 Make strait the paths before his feet,
And ev'ry obstacle remove ;
Drop down ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,
And bow before Redeeming Love.

4 Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view ;
Swift the Creating Fiat flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

5 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child ?
Know'st thou the import of the cry ?
Thy heart's the desert waste and wild ;
But lo, the kind reclaimer's nigh.

6 Mountains of unbelief and sin,
Before him crumble into dust ;
Thy humbled heart shall then begin
His all-restoring hand to trust.

- 7 By him exalted, know thy state,
A garden rich in fruit and flower ;
Thy gracious Master's lov'd retreat,
The wonder of redeeming power.

27

Invitation to the Saviour.

P. M.

- S**WEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed
From Sion's mount I heard the sound ;
Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
And gladden'd nature smil'd around ;
The voice of peace salutes mine ear ;
Christ's lovely voice perfumes the air.
- 2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow.
Behold, the precious balm is found,
Which eases pain, which heals thy wound.
- 3 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
Unburthen here the weighty load ;
Here find thy refuge, and thy rest,
Safe on the bosom of thy God :
Thy God's thy Saviour ! Glorious word !
That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.
- 4 As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace, sorrow's gloom shall chace away ;
And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay :
Whilst glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

28

Gospel Invitation.

C. M.

OH what amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found;
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation like a river rolls,
 Abundant, free and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds;
 A deep celestial spring.

4 This spring with living water flows,
 And living joy imparts:
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
 And drink with thankful hearts.

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

29

Sinners invited to Jesus.

P. M.

COME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r:
 He is able, &c.
He is willing, doubt no more.

- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh:
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness soundly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merit of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name,
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

30

Invitation to the Gospel Feast.

C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry welcome guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
Where love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand, thousand souls rejoice,
In extacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand, thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room!

31 *Seeking the assistance of the Spirit.* C. M.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love.

2 Wake heav'nly wind, arise and come,
 Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.

3 Touch with a living coal, the lip
 That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each waiting hearer keep
 Attention to the Lord.

4 Furnish us all with light and pow'rs
 To walk in wisdom's ways;
So shall the benefit be ours,
 And thou shalt have the praise.

32 *Influence of the Spirit implored.* P. M.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
 Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come.

2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still;
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home!

3 Let pure devotion's fervours, rise;
Let ev'ry pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home!

33

To the Holy Ghost.

S. M

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts
With visitations sweet
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;

And to our wand'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

- 5 Shew us the sinners' friend,
That rules the courts of bliss,
The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Th' eternal Prince of peace.

- 6 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
T' illuminate the soul;
To pour fresh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole..

34

The same.

P. M.

HOLY GHOST, inspire our praises,
Touch our hearts, and tune our tongues:
Laud we now thy name, O Jesus,
Heav'n shall echo with our songs.

- 2 Ev'ry state, howe'er distressing,
Shall be profit in the end;
Ev'ry ordinance a blessing;
Ev'ry providence a friend.
- 3 Blessed Lord, be Thou our teacher,
Helper, counsellor, and guide;
Speak the promise through the preacher,
And the hearing ear provide.
- 4 Vain is learning, parts, or merit,
Vain the native pow'rs of man;
Jesus! send thy Holy Spirit,
So display the Gospel plan.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
 Let us thine influence prove;
 Source of the old prophetic fire,
 Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by Thee
 Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
 Unlock the truth (Thyself the key!)
 Unseal the sacred book:

3 Water with heav'nly dew thy word,
 In this appointed hour;
 Attend it with thy presence, Lord,
 And bid it come with pow'r:

4 Open the heart of them that hear,
 To make the Saviour room;
 Now let us find redemption near,
 Let faith by hearing come.

SOURCE of light and pow'r divine,
 Deign upon thy truth to shine;
 Lord, behold thy servant stands;
 Lo! to Thee he lifts his hands:
 Satisfy his soul's desire;
 Touch his lips with holy fire.

- 2 Softly fall the healing sound,
Like the dew-drop on the ground ;
Drooping plants shall soon revive ;
Faith in bud begin to live,
And enlarg'd shall soon disclose
Beauties of the full-blown rose.
- 3 In thy pure and holy way,
Heights, and greater heights display ;
So that whilst our race we run,
We may think it but begun ;
Nor the past contemplate more,
Urgent still on what's before.
- 4 Ope thy treasures ! so shall fall
Unction sweet on him, on all,
Till by odours scatter'd round,
Christ Himself be trac'd and found ;
Then shall ev'ry raptur'd heart,
Rich in peace, and joy depart.

37

For a Blessing on Public Worship.

7s.

- L**ORD we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Oh, do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ;
- 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend, .
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those that weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that those who seek, may find
Thee a God divinely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

- G**RACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heav'n and love.
- 2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me,
Set the burthen'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart:
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

39

Prayer for Assurance.

P. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again:
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
Let no more doubt or cloud remain:
Give me the sense of sin forgiv'n,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heav'n.

- 2 O give th' indisputable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine;
That pow'rful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine:
O shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heav'n, of God!

40

For Success upon the Word preached.

L. M.

THY blessing, gracious God, afford,
And let success attend thy word;
Let humble souls thy truth receive,
Let sinners hear thy voice, and live.

- 2 Save us from Satan's cursed snares,
And from the world's distracting cares;
When we within thy courts appear,
May we digest the truths we hear.
- 3 May we the joyful tidings hear,
With holy love, and godly fear;
And credit to the Gospel give,
As that blest word by which we live.
- 4 Thy sov'reign pow'r, O God, impart,
And write thy law upon our heart;
Wisdom divine on us bestow,
And may we practice what we know.
- 5 Preacher and people then shall raise,
United songs of grateful praise,
'Till both at length shall mount above,
To triumph in redeeming love.

41

Invitation to the Weary.

7s.

WEARY souls, who wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucify'd,
Fly to those dear wounds of his;
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God!

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown,

By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan:
 Rise exalted by his fall;
 Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath giv'n,
 Then ye will be happy too,
 Live on earth the life of heav'n!
 Live the life of heav'n above,
 All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for weary souls design'd,
 God's eternal promise this,
 God's great gift to lost mankind.
 Now to Christ this moment flee,
 Blest to all eternity!

42 *Come, for all Things are ready.* L. M.

SINNERS obey the Gospel-word,
 Haste to the supper of your Lord;
 Be wise to know your gracious day,
 All things are ready, come away:

2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning son:
 Ready the loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
 The harden'd, stony heart to move;

T' apply and witness with the blood;
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd ;
His purchas'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain,
To heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Through ev'ry pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast is fed
By providence divine ;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years..

- 3 " So, ' saith the God of grace,
 " My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend ;
 Millions of souls
 Shall feel its pow'r,
 And bear it down
 To millions more.
- 4 Joy shall begin your march,
 And peace protect your ways,
 While all the mountains round
 Echo melodious praise ;
 The vocal groves
 Shall sing the God,
 And ev'ry tree
 Consenting nod."

44 *Success to the Gospel desired.* C. M.

- N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !
- 2 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.
- 3 And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

O JESUS, now we humbly pray,
 Be gracious to thy church to-day,
 Thy saving health impart;
 The dew of heav'n on us distil,
 With love each empty vessel fill,
 And cheer the drooping heart.

- 2 Cut ev'ry cord that binds us here,
 Us from our ev'ry hind'rance tear,
 Give each a single heart;
 Give grace to tread down self and sin,
 Give grace eternal life to win,
 E'er we from hence depart.

THIS duty God requires,
 That men should seek his face,
 And offer up their warm desires
 Before his throne of grace.

- 2 This privilege he grants
 His saints below the sky,
 That they should tell him all their wants,
 And Abba, Father, cry.
- 3 He lends a gracious ear,
 And in the trying hour,
 He makes his matchless love appear,
 And magnifies his pow'r.

- 4 Let needy sinners pray,
Nor from his throne depart;
His mercy will not long delay
To heal the broken heart.
- 5 Since Jesus pleads above,
The God of grace will hear,
And give the blessings of his love,
When humble souls draw near.
- 6 Then knock at mercy's gate,
Despair not, but believe;
And still with expectation wait,
Till God the token give.

47

Prayer for Seriousness.

P. M.

- T**HOU God of glorious majesty!
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry:
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain;
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
But how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or sinks me down to hell!

- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert;
Eternal things deep on my heart
In all their pow'r impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!
- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
My future bliss t' insure!
Thy holy counsel to fulfil,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

48 *Terror from the Law, & Hope from the Gospel. S. M.*

MY former hopes are dead,
My terror now begins;

I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
“*Flee from the wrath to come.*”

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm’ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim’s way;
I’ll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

49

A Sinner’s Prayer.

P. M.

GOD of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive:
Full of guilt, alas! I am;
But to thy wounds for refuge flee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
 Nor can thy grace procure;
 Empty send me not away,
 For I, thou know'st, am poor;
 Dust and ashes is my name,
 My all is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Without money, without price,
 I come thy love to buy;
 From myself I turn my eyes,
 The chief of sinners I:
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

RIGHTEOUS art thou, O God, yet let me
 plead,
 Permit the vilest of the fallen race,
 To tell his sin, and bow his guilty head,
 Before thy mercy-seat, thy throne of grace.

2 As numerous as the stars, or countless sands,
 My faults, backslidings, and transgressions
 are;
 Yet look upon my Saviour's bleeding hands,
 My pardon, Lord, my pardon's written there.

- 3 Bring not in judgment me, nor call to mind,
Nor in the balances my doings weigh:
But let me refuge in my Saviour find,
And hide me in him at the awful day!
- 4 I blush as I approach thee, and confess
My wicked life, my shame, and nakedness:
I know a poorer sinner than I am,
Ne'er ask'd for mercy, or implor'd thy name.
- 5 Yet vile and filthy as I am I come,
Thy gracious Spirit saith, "There still is
room,"
Thro' all my guilt I make this pow'ful plea,
Our Saviour dy'd to ransom such as me,
- 6 This makes me hope, yet makes my shame
increase,
How could I grieve such love, or friend
like this?
O cover all my sins in thy long vest,
I part confess, Lord cover all the rest.

51

Distance from God.

C. M.

- O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye:
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn!

Thyself hast bid me seek thy face;
Thyself hast said, return.

- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Thy word of promise cannot fail,
My tow'r of safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from Thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night
How desolate my way!
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy Spirit's voice impart
A taste of joy divine.

SAVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?
Canst thou love a child of wrath?
Can a hell-deserving creature
Be the purchase of thy death?

- 2 Is thy blood so efficacious,
As to make my nature clean?
Is thy sacrifice so precious,
As to free me from my sin?
- 3 Sin on ev'ry hand surrounds me,
No acquittance can I hear;
Pangs of unbelief confound me,
Oh! my grief I cannot bear.

- 4 Here then is my resolution,
At thy dearest feet to fall ;
Here I'll meet with condemnation,
Or a freedom from my thrall.
- 5 Now deny thy grace and mercy,
If thou canst, to wretched me ;
Lay aside thy love and pity,
If thou canst, and let me die.
- 6 If I meet with condemnation,
Justly I deserve the same ;
If I meet with free salvation,
I will magnify thy name.

53

Power of the Redeemer's looks.

P. M.

- J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep :
False to thee like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep :
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suff'ring shown,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone !
- 2 Saviour ! Prince ! enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me through thy dying love,
The humble contrite heart :
Give me what I've long implor'd,
A portion of thy love unknown—
Turn, &c.

- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die :
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Drop from thy gracious eye :
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down—
 Turn, &c.

- J**ESUS, Friend of sinners, hear
 A feeble creature pray :
 From my debt of sin set clear
 For I have nought to pay.
 Speak, O speak my kind release ;
 A poor backsliding soul restore :
 Love me freely, seal my peace,
 And bid me weep no more.
- 2 Though my sins as mountains rise,
 And swell, and reach to heav'n,
 Mercy is above the skies,
 And I shall stand forgiv'n :
 Mighty is my guilt's increase,
 But greater is thy mercy's store !
 Love me freely, &c.
- 3 From th' oppressive sense of sin
 My struggling spirit free :
 Blood and righteousness divine
 Can rescue even me !

Holy Spirit shed thy grace,
 And let me feel the soft'ning show'r:
 Love me freely, seal my peace.
 And bid me weep no more.

55

In distress of Soul.

P. M.

JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 Boundless love in Thee I find:
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:

Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace,

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

NAY, I cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Dost Thou ask me, who I am?
Ah, my Lord, Thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with Thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold;
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and set him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld till now;
 Who could hold me up but Thou?

6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
 This emboldens me to plead;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesu's sake.

57

The Broken Heart.

S. M.

DESCEND my gracious God,
 And to me now impart
 That precious blessing, bought with blood,
 A new, and *broken heart*.

2 From Thee I wander, Lord,
 Which causes me much smart;
 Reclaim me by thy pow'rful word,
 And give a *broken heart*.

3 To mourn my follies done,
 And better act my part;
 Bestow upon me, through thy Son,
 A new, a *broken heart*.

- 4 O keep me near thy side,
(I'm prone from Thee to start,)
And let thy Spirit, Lord, abide
Within my *broken heart*.
- 5 O come unto my soul,
And never more depart :
Lord, condescend to make me whole,
And heal my *broken heart*.

58 *The Influence of the Spirit desired.* L. M.

- UP to Thy seat, eternal God,
Now would mine ardent passions soar;
Fain would I view thy bright abode,
And love, and wonder, and adore.
- 2 Spirit of peace, immortal dove,
Here let thy gentle influence reign;
Come fill my soul with heav'nly love,
And all the graces of thy train.
- 3 Descend with all thy sacred light,
Thine active zeal, thy joy sincere,
And hope, in radiant glories bright,
Descend, and make thy dwelling here.
- 4 Not all the sweets beneath the sky;
Not corn, nor oil, nor richest wine;
Could raise my tuneful songs so high,
Or yield me pleasures so divine.

- 5 Blest with thy presence I could meet
 Death, though in all its terrors drest ;
 Nor while I taste a joy so sweet,
 One fear disturb my peaceful breast.
- 6 Come then—or bid my longing soul
 To those celestial mansions soar,
 Where endless years of pleasure roll,
 Nor shall I mourn thine absence more.

59

Waiting upon God.

L. M.

- T**HOU loving Jesus, dearest Lord,
 Ador'd by all the hosts above ;
 Whose favours endless joys afford,
 And fill the mind with peace and love.
- 2 In pity to my soul descend,
 And chase these heavy glooms away ;
 O let thy glories, heav'nly friend,
 Pour on my soul a brighter day.
- 3 So shall I better see the way
 Which leads to happiness and Thee ;
 And walk enlight'ned by Thy ray,
 Till I attain felicity.
- 4 There, where the blest, unnumber'd throng,
 From earth redeem'd by precious blood,
 Proclaim thy love in sweetest song,
 And praise Thee as their Sov'reign Good.

- 5 I'd spend a long eternity,
 From sin and melancholy free ;
 And with increasing pleasure sing,
 Th' unbounded glories of my King.

60

For a renewed Heart.

P. M.

- O**H Lord, how faithless is my heart,
 How very apt from Thee to stray !
 Just like a broken bow I start,
 And nature strives to bear the sway :
 Was ever one so vile, yet bless'd ;
 So foul, yet by the Lord caress'd !
- 2 Forbid, my Lord, each vain desire,
 And bind my passions to thy cross ;
 Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
 And bid me count my gain but loss :
 Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
 And stablish in my heart thy throne.
- 3 Grace, grace shall wipe away my tears,
 And speak the tempest to a calm ;
 Shall warm my heart, and charm my fears,
 And prove a never-failing balm ;
 The maladies of sin remove,
 And fill my soul with holy love.
- 4 Henceforth I'd serve Thee, if Thou'lt please
 To gird me with a heav'nly pow'r ;
 I'd sing the glories of thy grace,
 Till all my pilgrimage be o'er ;
 With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
 And love shall be my endless song !

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One ;
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n !

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All mine actions sanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive ;
Claim me for thy service—claim
All I have, and all I am !

3 Take my soul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do,
Take mine heart—but make it new !

4 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One !
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n !

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion;
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast :
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning ;
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive ;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave :
 Thee we would be always blessing ;
 Serve Thee, as thy hosts above ;
 Pray and praise Thee without ceasing ;
 Glory in thy dying love.
- 4 Carry on thy new creation,
 Pure and holy may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secur'd by Thee :

Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place ;
'Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

63

Looking to the Deliverer.

P. M.

GOD of mercy and compassion,
Look with pity on my pain ;
Hear a mournful broken spirit,
Prostrate at thy feet complain ;
Many are my foes, and mighty,
Strength to conquer I have none :
Nothing can uphold my goings,
But thy blessed Self alone.

2 Saviour, look on thy beloved ;
Triumph over all my foes ;
Turn to heav'nly joy my mourning ;
Turn to gladness all my woes :
Live, or die, or work, or suffer,
Let my weary soul abide,
In all changes whatsoever,
Sure and steadfast by thy side.

3 When temptations fierce assault me,
When my enemies I find ;
Sin and guilt, and death, and satan,
All against my soul combin'd ;
Hold me up in mighty waters,
Keep my eyes on things above,
Righteousness, divine atonement,
Peace, and everlasting love.

'**T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case ;
Thou who art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

65

The Ransom.

P. M.

SAY, where's thy hope ? thou sinner say
Look ev'ry where, and ask around,
Who all the mighty debt can pay ;
Can a fit ransom e'er be found ?
Yes, Lord, before I drew my breath,
The Lamb for me had suffer'd death !

2 Far, far away, must satan fly,
Nor think me captive to detain :
For Jesus, when He deign'd to die,
My bondage broke, and burst my chain ;
And conqu'ror in the dreadful fight,
My soul from thence becomes his right.

- 3 Take Thou possession of my heart,
 Jesu, and make me live to Thee :
 With Thee let nothing claim a part,
 But Thou my All for ever be !
 And give me, with thy saints above,
 All joy in Thee, Thou God of love !

GENTLE Jesus, lovely Lamb,
 Thine, and only thine, I am ;
 Take my body, spirit, soul,
 Only Thou possess the whole.

- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,
 Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
 Let me choose the better part,
 Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
 Do not let me turn again,
 Leave the fountain head of bliss,
 Stoop to creature happiness !
- 4 Whom have I on earth below ?
 Only Thee I'd wish to know :
 Whom have I, in heav'n, but Thee ?
 Thou art all in all to me.
- 5 All my treasure is above,
 All my riches is thy love :
 Who the worth of love can tell ?
Infinite ! unsearchable !

- 6 Nothing else may I require ;
 Let me Thee alone desire :
 Pleas'd with what thy love provides ;
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

67

Submission.

C. M.

- O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to Thee ;
 Who never hast a good with-held,
 Or wilt with-hold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
 Thou art engag'd to grant ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth.

- 6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies ,
Drive all these thoughts away.

- C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin ;
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer :
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

- 6 Shew me what I have to do,
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

69

Come Lord Jesus.

P. M.

COME, Thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee!
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

70

Mercy.

11s.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my
 song,
 The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
 tongue;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul
fast.

- 2 Without thy sweet mercý, I could not live
here;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits
revive,
And He that first made me, still keeps me
alive.

- 3 Whene'er I mistake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my sins;
And led by the Spirit to Jesus's blood,
My sorrows are dry'd, and my strength is
renew'd.

- 4 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness
depart;
Dissolv'd by thy sun-shine, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

- 5 Thy mercy is endless, most tender, and free;
No sinner need doubt, since 'tis given to me;
No merit will buy it, nor fears stop its course;
Good works are the fruits of its freeness and
force.

- 6 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Of mercy I'll sing, of thy mercy I'll tell;

'Twas Jesus my friend, when he hung on the
tree,

That open'd the channel of mercy for me.

- 7 Great Father of mercies thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant-love of thy crucify'd Son ;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness
mine.

71

The pardoning God.

P. M.

GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways
Are matchless, God-like, and divine !
But the fair glories of thy grace
More God-like and unrivall'd shine ;
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee,
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare ;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace ;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
 We take the pardon of our God :
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
 Pardon that flows through Jesu's blood,
 Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 5 O may this strange this matchless grace,
 This God-like miracle of love,
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
 And all th' angelic hosts above !
 Who is a pard'ning God like Thee ?
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

- G**ROUND, O ground me on the Lamb,
 Other Saviours I disclaim :
 Fix my heart on him to stay,
 Fix it, Lord, without delay.
- 2 Empty is created good,
 I want more substantial food :
 All is vanity beside
 Jesus, and him crucify'd.
- 3 In thy presence may I dwell,
 Subject to thy holy will ;
 Show'r on me thy pow'r divine,
 Make and keep me wholly thine.

4 While I traverse here beneath,
Thy kind influence on me breathe;
Reconcil'd to me appear,
And thy righteousness bring near.

5 Grant me still in grace to grow,
While a stranger here below;
Let me by thy Spirit move,
Till I reach the realms of love.

73

Meekness and Humility.

75.

LORD, if Thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that this I know,
Nothing would I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Free from malice as a child,
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides:

4 Father, fix my soul on Thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

- 5 O ! that all may seek and find
 Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

- W**HEN with my mind devoutly prest,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace :
 Trembling, I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree :
 Who could believe such lips could praise,
 Or think my dark and winding ways
 Should ever lead to Thee ?
- 3 These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,
 Now lift to Thee their wat'ry light,
 And weep a silent flood ;
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r,
 O wash away the stains they wear,
 In thy redeeming blood !
- 4 These ears, that pleas'd, could entertain
 The midnight oath, the lustful strain,
 When round the festal board ;

Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest the joys,
 And press to hear thy word.

- 5 Thus art Thou serv'd in ev'ry part ;
 O would'st Thou more transform my heart,
 This drossy thing refine ;
 That grace might nature's strength control,
 And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

75

Thanks for preserving Grace.

P. M.

LORD, and am I yet alive !
 Not in torments, not in hell !
 Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
 With the chief of sinners dwell :
 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,
 Will not of thy love despair,
 Still in spite of sin I rise,
 Still to call Thee mine I dare.

- 2 O the length of boundless love ;
 Jesu, Saviour, can it be ?
 All thy mercy's height I prove,
 All its depth is seen in me !
 O the miracle of grace !
 Tell it out to sinners tell !
 Men, and fiends, and angels gaze
 I am, I am out of hell !

- 3 Turn aside, a sight t' admire,
 I the living wonder am !
 See a bush that burns with fire,
 Unconsum'd amidst the flame !
 See a stone that hangs in air !
 See a spark in ocean dwell !
 Kept alive with death so near,
 I am, I am out of hell !

- W**ORLD, adieu ! thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes and false alarms ;
 Now I see as clear as day,
 How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
 False thy promises renew'd,
 All the pomp of thy delights
 Does but flatter and delude ;
 Thee I quit for heav'n above,
 Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Foolish vanity, farewell,
 More inconstant than the wave !
 Where the soothing fancies dwell,
 Purest tempers they deprave :
 He, to whom I fly from thee,
 Jesus Christ, shall set me free.

4 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in Thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys ;
Joys that never over-past,
Through eternity shall last.

5 Lord, how happy is the heart,
After Thee while it aspires !
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires :
It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign.

77

The grateful language of Faith.

P. M.

WHAT shall we render unto Thee,
Thou glorious Lord of life and pow'r !
Teach us to bow the humble knee ;
Teach us with thankfulness t' adore ;
To praise Thee as thy saints above ;
To praise Thee for thy wond'rous love.

2 When like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful shepherd's eye ;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's sin and vanity ;
Our Jesus from the heav'ns came down
To save us by his grace alone.

- 3 He bore our sins upon the tree,
 (To seek and save the lost he came :)
 There was he bound to set us free
 From death and everlasting shame :
 The captive flock from hell was freed,
 And ransom'd when their shepherd bled.
- 4 Before the Father's awful throne,
 Our merciful High Priest he stands;
 And interceding for his own,
 The purchas'd remnant now demands;
 His people's everlasting friend,
 Who loving—loves them to the end.
- 5 May we his blood-bought flock rejoice,
 Him for our Lord and God to own,
 To take Him as our only choice;
 To cleave to Him, in love alone;
 Be growing up in holiness,
 Then meet Him in the realms of peace.
- 6 Then shall our grateful songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;
 No sin, no sorrow shall be found,
 No night o'er-eloud the endless day;
 O praise Him ! all beneath, above,
 O praise Him ! praise the God of love.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply my ev'ry want,

Tree of life thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

- 2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,
Wither without thee, and die,
Week as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in thee !
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,
Send the strength for which I call ;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end !
Give me thy thy continu'd grace,
Take the everlasting praise !

79

Panting after God.

P. M.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
And longing sigh for thy repose ;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of ev'ry motion there :
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

- 3 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ in me, may live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive:
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!
- 4 O love! thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there:
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
 "I am thy God, thy Life, thy All!"
 To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
 To taste thy love—be all my choice!

- G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

- 3 'Twas grace that wrote my name
In thy eternal book ;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace forc'd my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet :
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heaven the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise.
- 7 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine !
May all my pow'rs to Thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

81

The Lord our Righteousness.

L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When from the dust of earth I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully through Thee absolv'd I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.
- 5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord our Righteousness!

LIGHT of the world; thy beams I bless;
On Thee, bright sun of righteousness,
My faith has fix'd its eye:
Guided by Thee, through all I go,
Nor fear the ruin spread below,
For Thou art always nigh.

- 2 Ten thousand snares my path beset,
 Yet shall I, Lord, the work complete,
 Which Thou to me hast giv'n :
 Superior to the pains I feel,
 Close by the gates of death and hell
 I urge my way to heav'n.
- 3 Still may I strive, and labour still,
 With humble zeal to do thy will,
 And trust in thy defence !
 My soul into thy hands I give ;
 And, if he can obtain thy leave,
 Let satan pluck me thence.

83

" It is done. "

P. M.

- 'TIS done ! th' atoning work is done !
 Jesus, the world's Redeemer, dies !
 All nature feels th' important groan
 Loud-echoing through earth and skies
 The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heav'n as hell's deep gloom is black.
- 2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
 The rocks resent his mortal pain,
 The yawning graves give up their dead ;
 The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.
- 3 And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan ?

O Saviour ! let thy passion shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone ;
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us that we sleep no more.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love !

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood ?
But our Jesus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God :
This was boundless love indeed !
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name ;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same :
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh ! for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us Lord, at length to love ;

We alas ! forget too often,
What a friend we have above ;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

85

Christ the Believer's All.

L. M.

IN Christ my treasure's all contain'd ;
By him my feeble soul's sustain'd ;
From Him I all things do receive,
Through Him my soul does daily live.

2 With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;
On Him I cast my every care ;
Like Him one day I shall appear.

3 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day ;
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way :
Give Him thy poor weak sinful heart ;
With Him, O never, never part.

4 Take Him for strength and righteousness ;
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;
Love Him above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

5 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To Him your highest praise belongs ;
To Him who does your heav'n prepare,
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long had been,
Opprest with unbelief and sin.

4 The more I strove against their pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
" Come, hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo ! glad I come, and Thou blest Lamb,
Shall take me to Thee as I am :
Nothing but sin I Thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God !

Unchangeable Love.

L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
my Redeemer, then I find,
the folly of my doubts and fears.

O! I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
and blush that I should ever be
one to act so base a part,
and harbour one hard thought of Thee.

Let me then at length be taught,
that still I am so slow to learn,
God is love, and changes not,
nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Let truth, and easy to repeat;
let when my faith is sharply try'd,
myself a learner yet,
skillful, weak, and apt to slide.

O! my Lord, one look from Thee
subdues the disobedient will;
it drives doubt and discontent away,
and thy rebellious worm is still.

Let me be as willing to forgive,
I am ready to repine;
therefore all the praise receive,
shame, and self-abhorrence mine

88 *Going without the Camp, bearing the reproach of
Christ. P. M.*

COME my Father's family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord ;
Come, ye sinners, who with me,
Are ev'ry where abhorr'd ;
Let us gladly trace his steps
Who suffer'd death among the Jews ;
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

2 Jesus, the despis'd and mean,
Our master let us own :
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Saviour, He alone.
Let us take and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be ;
Mock'd and slighted as He was,
For you, my friends, and me.

3 None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore ;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praise may claim ;
None but Jesus call we ours,
None but the bleeding Lamb !

89

Unchanging Grace.

104th.

- I**F Jesus is ours, we have a true friend,
Whose goodness endures the same to the
end ;
Our comforts may vary, our frames may
decline,
We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.
- 2** Though God may delay to show us his light,
And heaviness may endure for a night,
Yet joy, in the morning, shall surely abound,
No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.
- 3** The hills may depart, and mountains remove,
But faithful Thou art O fountain of love!
The Father hath graven our names on thy
hands ;
Our building in heav'n eternally stands.
- 4** A moment he hid the light of his face ;
Yet firmly decreed to save us by grace :
And though he reprov'd us, and still may
reprove,
For ever he lov'd us, and ever will love.
- 5** Then tune every string to Jesus's name !
With angels we'll sing the song of the Lamb ;
Thee ev'ry believer shall joyfully praise,
Thou bountiful giver of glory and grace.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me !

- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

91 *Longing for an interest in Christ.* L. M.

- O** COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
Give us to know thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee :
Seal thou our breast, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?
- 4 O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !
- 5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

92 *Witnessing the goodness of God.* S. M. D.

THE God, whose smiles we court,
From whom we favour claim;
Whose love alone new life imparts,
And gives the heav'nly flame;
Is none but the meek Lamb,
Our dear exalted Lord;
Whose grace and Spirit still remain
To bless us in his word.

- 2 His promise is the same,
His church below to bless,
When they assemble in his name
To supplicate his grace:
A train of sinners poor
He will not cast behind;
But keeps his word for evermore,
And bears us on his mind.
- 3 To our relief he flies,
He flies from realms above;
Answers our pray'rs in sweet replies,
And tokens of his love.
Shall we not witness bear
How faithful He hath been;
And boldly to the world declare,
Salvation we have seen?
- 4 Yes, if thou'lt help us, Lord,
Thy name we will confess;
And speak of Christ the living word,
The Lord our righteousness:

We'll mention to his praise
 The triumphs of his death;
 And sing his everlasting grace
 Ev'n with our latest breath.

93

Ebenezer.

P. M.

COME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—Oh, fix us on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thine help I come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health, and peace possessing
From the sinners' dying friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye ;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

95

God's amazing condescension.

P. M.

SWEET and blessed are the moments
When my Jesus I can see,
Lost in those divine enjoyments,
Preludes of eternity ;
When my soul, with love and wonder,
Shall behold Him as He is ;
On his natures ever ponder,
Sources of my joy and bliss,

2 Angels seek to know the reason,
Why the ever-blessed God,
Stoop'd to suffer for our treason,
Cloth'd like us in flesh and blood ;
Him, whom lately they surrounded
Like a wretched man they see ;
Gaze astonish'd and confounded,
At their Maker on the tree.

3 But what was from them concealed
Freely thou to us hast shewn ;
Thou hast now the cause revealed ;
'Twas thy love, and that alone ;
That's the source of ev'ry blessing
To our ruin'd, wretched race ;
Streams of bounty, still increasing,
Flow from rich and sov'reign grace.

4 'Tis from thee, my dearest Jesus,
All my hope and comfort springs ;

I would ever sing thy praises,
 Glorious Saviour, King of kings :
 Great has been thy condescension
 To unworthy, sinful me ;
 Great above my comprehension,
 Love supreme, divinely free.

THEE will I love, my strength and tow'r,
 Thee will I love, my joy and crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
 In all my works, and thee alone !
 Thee will I love till the pure fire
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men !
 Ah ! why did I not sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain !
 Asham'd I sigh, and inly mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd ;
 For wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than Thee I lov'd :
 And now, if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd :

I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
 Give to my heart, chaste hallow'd fires;
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heav'n's host inspires ;
 That all my pow'rs with all their might
 In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown !
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
 Thee will I love, when all does frown
 On me, and thorny makes my road.
 What though my flesh and heart decay ?
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

97

Abba, Father.

7s.

A BBA, Father ! hear thy child
 Late in Jesus reconcil'd !
 Hear, and all the graces show'r,
 All the joy, and peace, and pow'r,
 All my Saviour asks above,
 All the life and heaven of love.

2 Heav'nly Adam, life divine,
 Change my nature into thine :
 Move and spread throughout my soul,
 Actuate and fill the whole :

Be it I no longer now,
Living in the flesh, but Thou.

- 3 Holy Ghost, no more delay,
Come, and in thy temple stay ;
Now thy inward witness bear
Strong, and permanent, and clear ;
Spring of life, thyself impart,
Rise eternal in my heart.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.

- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
In hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme :
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
Tis greater to redeem.

99

Christ collecting his Flock.

P. M.

UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our King ;
In stillness he collects his flock,
Leads on, and to perfection brings,
And grounds them on himself—the Rock ;
With little hurry, noise, or show,
He safely guideth every soul ;
No more the blinded world can do,
Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2 Thy church, great Saviour, bought with blood,
Outcasts of men, but dear to thee,
Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
An easy yoke ; thrice happy she ;
When bearing thy reproach below,
She still partakes of thy free grace,
Which from thy wounds doth sweetly flow,
And all affliction's load outweighs.

3 Come, tender Lord, support the weak,
Support thy little ones with grace :
Thou know'st, for thee athirst we seek,
Kind Master of thy chosen race !
Faithful we know thy tender love,
Thy wounds our heav'n, our paradise ;
May spirit, soul, and body prove
An ever living sacrifice.

4 Within the circle of thy arms
O may we ever live secure ;

'Tis by thy oath that thou art ours,
 Bond ever sacred, ever sure !
 Thy work with mighty arm support,
 Satan shall ne'er prevail o'er thee :
 Let thy true followers though oppress'd,
 Beneath oppression conquerers be.

HIGH on his everlasting throne
 The King of saints his work surveys,
 Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
 And smiles on his peculiar race.
 He rests well pleas'd their toil to see ;
 Beneath his easy yoke they move,
 With all their heart and strength agree
 In the sweet labour of his love.

- 2 His eye the world at once looks through,
 A vast, uncultivated field ;
 Mountains and vales in ghastly show,
 A barren uncouth prospect yield.
 Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
 A few less hideous wastes are seen ;
 Yet still they all continue bare,
 And not one spot of earth is green,
- 3 See where the servants of their God,
 A busy multitude appear,
 For Jesus day and night employ'd,
 His husbandry they toil to clear.
 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
 And strengthens their unwearied hands ;

They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Emmanuel's lands.

- 4 Alarm'd at their successful toil,
Satan and his wild spirits rage,
They labour to tear up and spoil,
And blast the rising heritage.
In every wilderness they sow
The seed of death, the carnal mind ;
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one seed of good behind,
- 5 Yet still the servants of their Lord,
Look up and calmly persevere ;
Supported by the Master's word,
The adverse pow'rs they scorn to fear ;
Gladly their happy work pursue ;
The labour of their hands is seen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
Some spots at least are lively green.
- 6 Where'er the faithful workers turn,
The steps of industry appear ;
They labour all dry wood to burn,
They labour with incessant care
The fruits of Sodom to tread down,
To root up each accursed seed
By Satan and his spirits sown,
And plant the Gospel in its stead,
- 7 To dig the ground they thus bestow
Their lives ; from ev'ry softened clod

They gather out the stones, and sow
 Th' immortal seed, the word of God.
 They water it with tears and pray'rs :
 They long for the returning word ;
 Happy if all their pains and cares
 Can bring forth fruit to please their Lord.

- 8 Jesus their work delighted sees,
 Their industry vouchsafes to crown ;
 He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
 And sends the promis'd blessing down :
 The sap of life, the Spirit's pow'rs,
 He rains incessant from above ;
 He all his gracious fulness show'rs
 To perfect their great work of love.

SHALL I for fear of sinful man,
 Thy Spirit's course in me restrain ?
 Or undismay'd, in deed and word
 Be a true witness to my Lord ?

- 2 Aw'd by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most high ?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thy anger bear ?
- 3 Shall I to sooth th' unholy throng,
 Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue ?
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross endur'd, my God, by thee !

- 4 The love of Christ does me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 5 For this let men revile my name ;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain !
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 6 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent :
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd !
- 7 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r !
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be :
'Tis fix'd ! I can do all through thee.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king ;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

- L**ORD, thine image thou hast lent me,
 In thy never-fading love,
 When I fell, yet thou hast sent me
 Full redemption from above :
 Sacred love, I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.
- 2 Love ! to bliss thou hast ordained
 Me, e'er I began to be ;
 God of love, thou'st not disdained
 To become a man like me :

Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

- 3 Love ! who hast for me endured
All the pains of death and hell ;
Love ! whose suff'rings have procured
More for me than tongue can tell ;
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

- 4 Love ! my life and my salvation,
Light and truth, eternal word !
Thou alone dost consolation
To my sinking soul afford ;
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

- 5 To thy blessed yoke thou'rt tying
Me with cords of grace and love,
While my heart is ever crying,
May I true and faithful prove :
Sacred love, I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

- 6 Love ! who wilt for ever love me
Intercessor for my soul !
Who sustain'st me, light or heavy,
On the priestly breast and roll :
Love almighty and divine,
I would be for ever thine.

- 7 Love ! who wilt hereafter raise me
From the grave, a bed of dust ;
Love ! whose final zeal arrays me

With a garment 'mong the just ;
Sacred love ! I long to be
Thine to all eternity.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne,
The prince of our peace ;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood ;
All hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God.

2 We daily will sing
Thy glory, thy praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace ;
Thy kindness for ever,
To men we will tell,
And say, our dear Saviour
Redeems us from hell.

3 Preserve us in love,
While here we abide ;
Nor ever remove,
Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation,
Till joyful we see
The beautiful vision
Completed in thee.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King,
Who didst suffer to release us,
Who didst free salvation bring:
Hail, thou precious, precious Saviour,
Who hast borne our sin and shame;
By whose merit we find favour,
Life is given through thy name!

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid:
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Ev'ry sin may be forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heav'n,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year,"
Thou for saints art interceding,
Till in glory they appear.

4 Worship, honour, pow'r, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive,

Loudest praises without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Jesu's merits,
 Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise!

OUR God is above men, devils, and sin:
 My Jesus's love the battle shall win:
 So terribly glorious his coming shall be,
 His love all-victorious shall conquer for me.

2 He all shall break through; his truth and his
 grace
 Shall bring me into the plentiful place:
 Through much tribulation, through water
 and fire,
 Through floods of temptation, and flames of
 desire.

3 On Jesus my pow'r, for strength I rely;
 All evil before his presence shall fly:
 If I have my Saviour, He will not depart;
 But Jesus, for ever, shall hold fast my heart.

NOW I have found the blessed ground
 Where my soul's anchor may remain,
 The Lamb of God, who for my sin

Was from the world's foundation slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heav'n and earth are fled away.

- 2 O' love, thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free ;
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies
Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 With faith I plunge me in this sea ;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee ;
And look unto my Saviour's breast :
Away sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is only written there.
- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be
gone,
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn ;
Stedfast on this my soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love !

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee !
I thirst, and long, and pant to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Almighty, precious love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In my poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part !

3 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at my Master's feet,
Be this my happy choice !
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heav'n on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

4 Thy love alone do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heav'n above ;
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give me, O Lord, thy love to know,
Give me thy precious love.

109

Delight in the name of Jesus.

7s.

SWEETER sounds than music knows,
 Charm me in Immanuel's name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.

- 2 When he came the angels sung
 "Glory be to God on high:"
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue—
 Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become
 That he might the law fulfil!
 Bleed and suffer in my room!
 And canst thou then my tongue, be still?
- 4 No; I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak;
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, shield, and sun,
 Shepherd, brother, husband, friend;
 Ev'ry precious name in one;
 I will love Thee without end.

110

Praise for God's unspeakable Gift. 8. 10. 1.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
 Up to thy gracious throne;
 And bless thee for the precious Gift
 Of thy incarnate Son.

The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive:
O may we of thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live !

- 2 Jesus, the holy child,
Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are :
A peace on earth he brings
Which never more shall end ;
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings
Declares himself our friend.

- 3 O may we all receive
The new-born Prince of peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in his love increase !
Till he convey us home,
Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
“ Come, Thou desire of nations, come,
And take us home to God.”

III *The Joy of Faith in Christ's Kingly Office. P. M*

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice ;
- 4 He sits at God's right-hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet ;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom fill
With pure seraphic joy :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound Rejoice.

112 *The heaven-born Soul rising to God.* P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course :
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source ;
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be giv'n ;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

113 *True ambition.* C. M.

NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,

To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.

- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grov'ling anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought;
I spring to seize immortal joys,
Which my redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in view.

114 *Substantial bliss in the enjoyment of Christ. P. M.*

'TIS in vain to seek for bliss,
Lasting bliss can ne'er be found,
Till we reach where Jesus is,
Till we tread on heav'nly ground;
Nothing round these spangled skies,
Nothing on this earthly globe
Yields to me substantial joys,
Or is lovely as my God.

- 2 But 'tis heav'n to taste his love,
Heav'n to feel his quick'ning grace;
And the heav'n I hope above,
Is to see my Jesu's face;

There are pleasures all sincere,
There no dreg of guilt defiles ;
Long, my soul, to leave this sphere,
Pant to reach th' eternal hills.

3 Come, blest Spirit from above,
Bear my sinking courage up,
Pledge of my Redeemer's love,
Calm my fears, support my hope ;
Then let waves and thunder roar,
I shall feel thy peace divine,
Till I reach the blissful shore,
Till the heav'nly throng I join.

4 Fellow saints, this bliss pursue,
Press ye on to reach the prize ;
Bid the flatt'ring world adieu,
Fix above, your longing eyes :
Lo ! the kind Redeemer waits,
To receive you to his breast ;
Open stand the blissful gates,
Angels call you there to rest

115

" Visit me with thy Salvation."

P. M.

JESUS, my Almighty Saviour,
Prostrate at thy feet I lie ;
Humbly I entreat thy favour ;
Condescend to hear my cry.
At thy gracious invitation,
I approach thy throne divine ;
Visit me with thy salvation,
Gently tell me, thou art mine.

- 2 When I was to thee a stranger,
Wand'ring in forbidden ways,
From the paths of sin and danger,
Thou didst call me by thy grace.
Let not then my foes confound me ;
Thou art all my help and hope ;
Let thy arms of love surround me,
Let thy mercy hold me up.
- 3 Still I need thy gracious keeping ;
Sin and hell my faith assail ;
Oft my days are spent in weeping,
Lest my foes should yet prevail.
Heal my soul, thou great Physician,
Ease me of my pain and grief ;
Bow thine ear to my petition,
Kindly send me some relief.
- 4 Grant me thy divine direction
In the way that I should go ;
Let thy hand be my protection
From the pow'r of ev'ry foe.
Gracious Saviour, never leave me,
While my toils and conflicts last ;
To thy kind embrace receive me,
When the storms of life are past.

116

The sacrifice of praise.

P. M.

LET ev'ry tuneful accent rise,
To him that rules the earth and skies.
The infinite unknown ;

His goodness shines around the sphere,
And richly crowns the rolling year,
With blessings from his throne.

2 'Tis he ordains the blooming spring,
Her softest sweetest charms to bring,
And wear her lovely dress ;
'Tis he that clothes the fertile vale,
Bids fragrance breathe in ev'ry gale,
The rural scene to bless.

3 But he hath richer gifts in store,
For which our grateful hearts adore
The source of ev'ry good ;
He gives us, rebels lost in sin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine
Through a Redeemer's blood.

4 When destitute of help and hope,
His sov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
And snatch'd us from despair ;
So free, so boundless is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And soon shall bring us there.

5 Our voices should in concert join
In songs of harmony divine ;
The theme is ever new :
Let music all her graces bring,
Awake, awake each tuneful string,
To pay the tribute due.

117 *The song of Moses and the Lamb.* P. M.

ISRRAEL, thy tribute bring
To God's victorious name;
The song of Moses sing,
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Improve his lays;
The theme exceeds,
And nobler deeds
Demand our praise.

2 The prince of hell arose
With impious rage and pride,
And 'midst our num'rous foes
Our feeble pow'r defy'd;
"I will o'ertake,
And I destroy,
My hand with joy
Shall force thee back."

3 Thy hand, Almighty Lord,
Thy trembling Israel saves;
Thine unresisted word
Divides the threat'ning waves:
Thy hosts pass o'er;
The foe o'erthrown
Sinks like a stone
To rise no more.

4 Our triumphs we prepare,
And cheerful anthems raise;
Jehovah's arm made bare
Demands immortal praise;

And while we sing,
 Ye shores proclaim
 His wond'rous name.
 Ye deserts, ring.

- 5 Through all the wilderness
 Thy presence, Lord, shall lead ;
 And bring us to the place,
 Thy sov'reign love decreed ;
 Those blissful plains,
 Where all around
 Hosannas sound,
 And transport reigns.

118

Protecting love.

P. M.

- W**HAT though my frail eye-lids refuse
 Continual watching to keep,
 And punctual as midnight renews,
 Demand the refreshment of sleep,
 A sov'reign protector I have,
 Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
 Unchangeably faithful to save,
 Almighty to rule and command.
- 2 From evil secure, and its dread,
 I rest, if my Saviour is nigh ;
 And songs his kind presence indeed,
 Shall in the night-season supply :
 He smiles, and my comforts abound ;
 His grace as the dew shall descend ;
 And walls of salvation surround,
 The soul He delights to defend.

- 3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee, for my God I avow ;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And ~~own~~ thou hast help'd me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence thou hast prov'd ;
Nor wilt thou relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally lov'd.
- 4 Inspirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant-care
I sleeping and waking, resign :
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me nearer to thee.
- 5 Thy minist'ring spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :
Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd ;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.
- 6 Their worship no interval knows ;
Their fervour is still on the wing ;
And while they protect my repose,
They chaunt to the praise of my King ;

I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever shall join,
 And love and adore without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.

II9

Assurance.

P. M.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
 Of covenant mercy I sing :
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offering to bring.
 The terrors of law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do ;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete ;
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet.
 Things future, nor things that are now,
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can make Him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase ;
 Imprest on his heart it remains
 In marks of indelible grace :
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given ;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heav'n.

120

God's Covenant.

C. M.

- M**Y God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 What though my house be not with Thee,
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants shall aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become;
Jesus, my guardian, and my friend,
And heav'n my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And when I know not what thou do'st,
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

121

Light shining out of darkness.

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break,
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Mov'd by thy divine compassion,
Who hast dy'd my heart to win;
I will praise Thee—
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying
 "Glory to the great I AM;"
I with them would be ascribing
 "Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
 Oh! how precious
Is the sound of Jesu's name!

3 Now I see with joy and wonder
 Whence the healing streams arose;
Angels' minds are lost to ponder
 Dying love without a cause:
 Yet a blessing
Down to sinners now it flows.

4 May this set our souls on fire,
 Cause to glow the flame of love;
Higher, let us mount still higher,
 Waiting for our blest remove:
 Then we'll praise thee,
In the brighter realms above.

123 *Souls attracted by a crucified Saviour. S. M. D.*

BEHOLD the Prince of life
 Nail'd to th' uplifted wood;
His temples twin'd with rugged thorns,
 His body bath'd in blood!
But from this dreadful scene
 What joys and glories rise!
For by this cross shall sinners live,
 By *this* ascend the skies.

- 2 This cross a magnet proves,
That shall attract mankind;
Here God appears supremely just;
And here supremely kind:
When sceptres, crowns, and thrones
Melt in th' unbounded flame,
Heav'n shall the wonders of the cross
In endless praise proclaim.

- T**HE promise is my joy and song;
'Tis rich and full, 'tis firm and strong;
It answers all the sinner's needs,
And far his scanty thoughts exceeds.
- 2 And yet my weak and doubtful mind
To unbelief is still inclin'd;
For though the word of grace is free,
I often fear *'tis not for me.*
- 3 O could I with a steady faith,
Believe what God my Father saith,
Then should I glorify him more.
And his unbounded grace adore!
- 4 How should I trust my heav'nly friend,
And on his faithful word depend!
Then could I fearless view the grave,
And death himself no sting would have.

- 5 This faith would cheer my gloomy way,
 And turn my darkness into day;
 And still my constant aim would be,
 My God, to live or die to thee.

125

The same.

P. M.

- T**HE promises I sing,
 Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
 Nor will the eternal King
 His words of grace revoke;
 They stand secure,
 And stedfast still;
 Not Zion's Hill
 Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away
 When once the Judge appears,
 And sun and moon decay,
 That measure mortals' years;
 But still the same,
 In radiant lines,
 The promise shines
 Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
 'Through mine attentive ears,
 When thunders cleave the ground,
 And dissipate the spheres;
 'Midst all the shock
 Of that dread scene,
 I stand serene,
 Thy word my rock.

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 Celestial Spirit, make me know
That I shall enter in :
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow.
And wash me from my sin.

3 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

4 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend ;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend ;
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade:
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

128 *Grateful review of the conduct of Providence. C. M*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

- 3 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 7 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 8 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For 'tis eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

129

Privileges of God's children.

7s.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Christ's own blood,
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have :
God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun :
They the seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.

2 They are justifi'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace :
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day :
They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness :
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

3 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth ;
Born of God they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within ;
They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

4 Though they suffer much on earth,
Strangers quite to this world's mirth ;
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures that can never cloy ;

They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ ;
With them number'd may we be,
Here, and in eternity !

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Far distant land !—could mortal eye,
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns !

4 No cloud those blisful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

- 6 O may the heav'nly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above.

131

A thought of heaven.

P. M.

- H**ARK! how the heav'ns with praises ring!
 From ev'ry ransom'd soul above,
 Sweet songs of praise address their King;
 Harmonious melting strains of love!
 Each, with transporting ecstasy,
 Sings, "Jesus liv'd *and dy'd for me.*"
- 2 That blessed One who fills the throne,
 And shines with matchless splendour now;
 Whom majesty and light adorn,
 And seraphs at his footstool bow;
 That glorious Jesus whom I see,
 Stoop'd down to earth *and dy'd for me.*
- 3 'Tis he who fills all heav'n with joys,
 And smiles eternal spring around;
 Who ev'ry heav'nly mind employs,
 And blesses all the happy ground;
 Who came from heav'n my soul to free,
 Bow'd his dear head, *and dy'd for me.*
- O! how I love that glorious Lord,
 Whose beauties charm my ravish'd heart;
 Worthy to be belov'd, ador'd,
Is he who bore, for me, such smart:

That I might have felicity,
He groan'd, he bled, *and dy'd for me.*

- 5 For ever shall thy deathless fame,
O Jesus, from my harp resound ;
While heav'n shall echo back thy name,
Unto creation's utmost bound :
Eternal years, my theme shall be,
" My Jesus liv'd, *and dy'd for me.*

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy, now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye ransom'd seed be glad ;
Christ our advocate is made ;
Pleads the merit of his blood,
Ever prevalent with God.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest :
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
Cheerfully we'll follow thee !

133

Joy of heaven anticipated.

P. M.

COME, and let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above :
If thine heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
They are bold to outride
The storms of affliction beneath :
With the Prophet they soar
To that heav'nly shore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 Who on earth can conceive
How happy they live
In the city of God the great King !
What a concert of praise
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heav'nly company sing !

- 4 What a rapturous song,
 When the glorify'd throng
 In the spirit of harmony join !
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,
 And the burden is " mercy divine !"
- 5 Hallelujah they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I am,
 To the Lamb that was slain ;
 Lo ! he liveth again !
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb !

- I** LONG to behold him array'd,
 With glory and grandeur above ;
 The King in his beauty display'd,
 His beauty of holiest love.
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
 O when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God.
- 2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
 (For Jesus hath spoken the word)
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord :
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
 My fulness of bliss I shall find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

- 3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness nor sorrow shall prove ;
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give,
And when from the body set free,
My soul to the city receive.

135

For Christ's guidance.

P. M.

- G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of heaven ! bread of heaven !
Feed me now and evermore.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong deliv'rer ! strong deliv'rer !
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

COME, holy, celestial Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest :
Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load,
The sense of election to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
And kindly with-held me from sin,
Resolv'd by the force of thy love,
My worthless affections to win :
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee :
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.
- 4 If when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy goodness hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd :

Most merciful Spirit of grace,
 Relieve me again, and restore ;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall, and to grieve thee no more.

- 5 If now I lament after God,
 And gasp for a drop of thy love ;
 If Jesus hath paid down his blood,
 To clear off my mortgage above :
 Come, heav'nly comforter, come,
 Sweet witness of mercy divine ;
 And make me thy permanent home,
 And seal me eternally thine.

137 *Affliction and distress of soul.* P. M.

ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face.
 And fear it will never be mine :
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load ;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

- 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease ;
 The blood of atonement apply ;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I :
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice ;
 Thy presence is fair to behold :
 I thirst for thy Spirit, with cries
 And *groanings*, that cannot be told.

- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold of the promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep :
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 " The Lord hath forsaken thee quite ;
 Thy God will be gracious no more."
- 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some sweetness in waiting for thee ?
 Almighty to rescue thou art ;
 Thy grace is my only resource ;
 If e'er thou art Lord of my heart,
 Thy Spirit must take it by force.

- 'TIS false, thou vile accuser, go,
 I see through all thy thin disguise—
 Back to thy native realms below,
 Thou parent of deceit and lies !
- 2 Think not to drive my trembling soul,
 Laden with guilt to black despair :
 Hast thou survey'd the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there ?
- 3 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound,
 To limit mercy's sov'reign reign !

What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

- 4 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,
Nor can thy malice make it more ;
Of crimes already numberless,
'Tis vain t' attempt to swell the score.

- 5 Set the black list before my sight,
While I remember Jesus dy'd,
'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at his side.

- 6 Low at his feet I'll cast me down,
To him reveal my grief and fear ;
Nor will he spurn me from his throne,
Nor shall I ever perish there.

139

The benefit of divine correction.

P. M.

HOW happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above ,
Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
Chastis'd by omnipotent love :
The author of all his distress,
He comes, by affliction to know ;
And God, he in heaven shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

- 2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God :

With nearer access to his throne,
 My burden of folly confess,
 The cause of my miseries own,
 And cry for an answer of peace.

3 O Father of mercies, on me,
 On me in affliction bestow
 A pow'r of applying to thee,
 A sanctify'd use of my woe;
 I would in a spirit of pray'r
 To all thy appointments submit ;
 The pledge of my happiness bear,
 And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then, Father, and never till then,
 I all the felicity prove
 Of living a moment in pain,
 Of dying in Jesus's love :
 A suff'rer here with my Lord,
 With Jesus above I sit down,
 Receive an eternal reward,
 And glory obtain in a crown.

NOW may he who from the dead
 Brought the Shepherd of the sheep.
 Jesus Christ, our king and head,
 And our souls in safety keep !

2 May he teach us to fulfil
 What is pleasing in his sight ;

Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night !

- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood.
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

141

Birth of Christ.

7s.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd.

- 2 Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem !"
- 3 Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Mild He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die :
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

- 6 Come, desire of nations, come
Fix in us thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

- L**IFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn ;
Each heavenly power
Proclaims the glad hour ;
Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born !
- 2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due ;
The promise is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.
- 3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase ;
Spread o'er the glad earth
At Jesus's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.
- 4 Now the good will of heav'n is shewn
Tow'rd's Adam's helpless race ;
Messiah is come
To ransom his own,
To save them by infinite grace.

- 5 Then let us join the heaven's above,
Where hymning seraphs sing ;
Join all the glad powers,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

143

The same.

L. M.

- J**ESUS, all praise is due to thee,
That thou wast pleas'd a man to be !
A virgin's womb thou didst not scorn,
And angels shout to see thee born.
Hallelujah !
- 2 The blessed father's only son
Chooseth a manger for his throne ;
And, though the high and mighty God,
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood.
Hallelujah !
- 3 Whom earth could not contain, nor skies,
In low estate the Saviour lies ;
And who the world's foundation laid,
Is now a little infant made.
Hallelujah !
- 4 The Father's brightness comes in sight,
Gives to the world its saving light !
And drives the clouds of sin away,
To make us children of the day.
Hallelujah !

- 5 The Son, the Almighty God confess'd,
 In his own world became a guest;
 And open'd through himself the way,
 A passage to eternal day.
 Hallelujah!
- 6 And therefore poor on earth he came,
 That we might all his riches claim,
 To make us heirs of endless bliss,
 With all those chosen saints of his.
 Hallelujah!
- 7 For us these wonders he hath wrought,
 To shew his love, surpassing thought!
 Then let us all unite to sing
 Praise to our loving God and King.
 Hallelujah!

- S**EE the long-expected Saviour
 Now a veil of flesh assumes;
 To destroy the pow'rs of darkness,
 Lo! our dear Immanuel comes.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail the new-born son of man.
- 2 The glad news of our salvation,
 Angels to the shepherds bring;
 Now we view the Father's glory
 Shining in the infant King.
 Hallelujah!
 Hail, &c.

3 Glory be to God, Jehovah,
 Who hath lov'd our helpless race ;
 Sent his Son down from his bosom,
 To make known this wond'rous grace,
 Hallelujah !
 Hail, &c.

4 He alone is ever worthy
 To receive our highest praise !
 Who descended from his glory,
 To that glory men to raise.
 Hallelujah !
 Hail, &c.

5 We will worship and adore him ;
 He our nature deign'd to wear ;
 Thankfully we'll come before him,
 Praise shall still employ us here.
 Hallelujah !
 Hail the new-born son of man.

FLOW fast, my tears ; the cause is great ;
 This tribute claims an injur'd friend,
 One whom I long pursu'd with hate,
 And yet he lov'd me to the end.
 When death his terrors round me spread,
 And aim'd his arrows at my head,
 Christ interpos'd, the wound he bore,
And bade the monster dare no more.

- 2 Fast flow, my tears, yet faster flow,
 Stream copious as yon purple tide,
 'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
 I urg'd the hand that pierc'd his side;
 Keen pangs, and agonizing smart
 Oppress his soul, and rend his heart;
 While justice arm'd with pow'r divine,
 Pours on his head what's due to mine.
- 3 Fast, and yet faster flow, my tears,
 Love breaks the heart, and drains the eyes;
 His visage marr'd, tow'rd heav'n he rears,
 And pleading for his murd'rer dies;
 My grief, nor measure knows nor end,
 Till he appears, the sinner's friend!
 And gives me in an happy hour,
 To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

- Y**E that pass by, behold the man,
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you;
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
 With nails they fasten to the wood;
 His sacred limbs expos'd and bare,
 Or cover'd only with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,
 His bleeding hands extended wide,

His streaming feet transfixt and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Oh ! thou dear suff'ring son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Help us to feel thy precious blood,
Help us to taste thy dying love.

5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while the Redeemer dy'd ;
O let our inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucify'd !

6 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
Their horrors to the upper skies :
O that our souls may burst the shade,
And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !

7 The rocks could feel thy pow'rful death,
And tremble, and asunder part :
O rend with thy all-pow'rful breath
The harder marble of my heart !

147

The same.

P. M.

“ ’TIS finish'd,” the Redeemer said,
And meekly bow'd his dying head :
Whilst we this sentence scan,
Come, sinners, and observe the word,
Behold the conquest of the Lord,
Complete for helpless man.

2 Finish'd the righteousness of grace,
 Finish'd the pain whence flows our peace:
 Our mighty debt is paid.
 Accusing law cancell'd by blood,
 And wrath of an offended God
 In sweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now shall urge a second claim ?
 The law no longer can condemn,
 Faith a release can shew :
 Justice itself a friend appears,
 The prison-house a whisper hears,
 “ Loose him and let him go.”

4 O unbelief, injurious bar !
 Source of tormenting, fruitless fear,
 Why dost thou yet reply ?
 Where'er thy loud objections fall,
 “ 'Tis finish'd” still may answer all,
 And silence ev'ry cry.

5 His work divinely finish'd stands,
 But, ah ! the praise that work demands,
 Careful may we attend !
 Conclusion of the whole be this ;
 Because redemption finish'd is,
 Our thanks shall never end,

HE dies ! the friend of sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around

- A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise !)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains :
Say, " live for ever wond'rous King ;
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster—" Where's thy sting ?
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

149

Resurrection of Christ.

P. M.

JESUS, who dy'd a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By his almighty pow'r :
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

- 2 Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour cloth'd with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb :
 Give o'er your griefs, cast off your fears,
 In heav'n your mansions he prepares,
 And soon will take you home.
- 3 His church is still his joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On those he did redeem:
 He tastes their joys, he feels their woes,
 And prays that they may spoil their foes,
 And ever reign with him.
- 4 O may we all from sin awake,
 And all in heav'n our places take,
 With our exalted head !
 To those abodes may we aspire
 In thoughts, in will, in strong desire ;
 To sinful pleasures dead !

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day !
 Sons of men and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
 Hallelujah !

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;
 Fought the fight, the battle won :

Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Hallelujah!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise
Christ hath open'd paradise.
Hallelujah!

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he dy'd our souls to save,
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
Hallelujah!

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head,
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies,
Hallelujah!

6 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parents fall,
Second life we do receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.
Hallelujah!

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n:
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection—thou!
Hallelujah!

- 8 King of glory ! soul of bliss !
 Everlasting life is this——
 Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.
 Hallelujah !

- U**PRISING from the darksome tomb,
 See the victorious Jesus come !
 Th' Almighty pris'ner quits the pris'n ;
 And angels tell the Lord is ris'n.
 Angels, angels, angels, angels, angels, tell the
 Lord is ris'n.
- 2 Ye guilty souls that groan and grieve,
 Hear the glad tidings, hear, and live ;
 God's righteous law is satisfied :
 And justice now is on your side.
 Justice, justice, &c.
- 3 Your surety, thus releas'd by God,
 Pleads the rich ransom of his blood :
 No new demand, no bar remains ;
 But mercy now triumphant reigns.
 Mercy, mercy, &c.
- 4 Believers, hail your rising head,
 The first-begotten from the dead,
 Your resurrection's sure, through his,
 To endless life, and boundless bliss.
 Endless, endless, &c.

152

The same.

P. M.

SEE Jesus our deliv'rer great,
Rising, his vict'ry to complete ;
In vain's the seal and stone !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
Here, here, thy mighty conqu'ror see,
Rising, he leaves the tomb.

2 Awhile he with his fav'rites stay'd,
Strength to their feeble faith convey'd,
Then mounts the starry sky :
The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
To welcome their triumphant King,
And shout his victory.

3 Mindful of all thy favours, now
In gratitude we prostrate bow
Before thy loving face :
Give all, assembled in this hour,
To feel thy resurrection's pow'r,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Clearly to ev'ry heart display
The virtue of thy blood this day ;
Each drooping heart inflame :
Refresh'd we'll then unwearied go
Along this wilderness below,
And spread thy glorious fame.

5 Jesus, when will the hour appear,
That we thy pow'rful call shall hear,
And round thy throne attend ?

When shall we see thee face to face,
And join above to sing thy praise,
Eternity to spend ?

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n :
There the pompous triumph waits,
" Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."

2 Him, though highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own ;
Still for us his death he pleads,
Prevalent he intercedes ;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race !

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day ;
See, thy faithful servants, see,
Ever looking up to thee !
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

- 4 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking, when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping, after home :
 There we shall with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign,
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

154

Ascension.

7s.

- C**LAP your hands, ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call,
 Lift your voice and shout his praise,
 Triumph in his sov'reign grace.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky ;
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God !
- 3 Sons of men, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine,
 Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 4 Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Triumph in his conqu'ring love.
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !
- 5 Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n,
 Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n :

Jesus, pow'r to us impart,
Then we'll praise with all our heart.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqu'rer's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

6 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blest!

156

The second Advent.

P. M.

LO! he comes with clouds descending
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him, must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
Hasten, Lord, the general doom,

The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

157

The same.

P. M.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Saviour dear,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
 He's welcome to the faithful soul ;
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome to the faithful soul.

- 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face ;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord !
 Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
 Hail him their triumphant Lord !
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the most high :
 Our God, who now his right obtains,
 For ever, and for ever reigns :
 Ever, ever, ever, ever,
 Ever, and for ever reigns.

- 5 The Father praise, the son adore,
 The Spirit bless for evermore:
 Salvation's glorious work is done,
 We welcome thee, great three in one!
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 Welcome thee, great three in one.

158

The same.

P. M.

- L**O! he cometh! countless trumpets
 Blow to raise the sleeping dead:
 Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
 See their great exalted Head.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome Son of God!
- 2 Full of joyful expectation,
 All behold the judge appear:
 Truth and justice go before him,
 Now the joyful sentence hear.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome judge divine!
- 3 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into life and joy;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows,
 Endless praise be your employ."
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome to the skies!
- 4 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;

There, with all the host of heaven,
 They eternal anthems sing.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah;
 Boundless glory to the Lamb!

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons will the sinner's heart
 confound.

- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for
 thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea;
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken
 By his look, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner, what will then become of
 thee?
- 4 Satan, who now tries to please you,
 Lest you timely warning take,
 In that awful day will seize you,
 Plunge you in the burning lake:
 Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at stake.

- 5 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below ;
He will say, " Come near ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow ;
You for ever shall my love and glory know."

160 *Give glory to God before the day of darkness
cometh. S. M.*

- T**HE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While ev'ning's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
Know that its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian-blaze ;
And cuts from smiling vig'rous youth
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide ;
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

- 6 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

- A**RISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal:
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the son ;
The world abus'd ; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves :
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

162 *Against following the Multitude to evil.* C. M.

LORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear;
We view the deluge rising round
With sorrow, and with fear.

2 Yet when its waves most fiercely beat,
And spread destruction wide,
Thy spirit can a standard raise
To stem the roaring tide.

3 May thy triumphant arm awake
Thy secret cause to plead;
And let the multitude confess,
That thou art God indeed.

4 Their hearts shall in a moment turn,
Like water, by thy hand;
One word shall bow their stubborn necks
To own thy high command.

5 Our feeble souls at least support,
And there thy pow'r display;
Then multitudes shall strive in vain
To draw us from thy way.

163

Improvement of Time.

P. M.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till our Master appear.

His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil ;
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moments refuses to stay ;
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 " I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work that thou gav'st me
 to do !"
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word ;
 " Well and faithfully done ;
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

I LONG to be blest with the sight
 Of him, who does heaven impart ;
 Of him, who was once my delight,
 The pleasure and joy of my heart ;

Whose mercy and love I refus'd,
And caused his anger to rise ;
Whose goodness I lately abus'd,
And dared the wrath of the skies.

2 O why did I wander from thee,
Whom once I professed to love ?
I promis'd how faithful I'd be,
That from thee I never would rove ;
But soon I forgot all my vows,
And all the displays of thy grace ;
Yea, trifles before thee I choose,
And wander'd from Jesus's way.

3 How deeply distressing it is !
How great is my anguish and smart !
My folly has spoil'd me of bliss,
Has caused my Lord to depart ;
With shame I acknowledge my sin,
Which caus'd thee to hide thy lov'd face ;
Which grieved the witness within ;
And tore from me pleasure and peace.

4 To thee ; whose compassion and love !
To sinners is even the same ;
Whose bowels with sympathy move ;
Whose nature agrees with thy name ;
Jehovah thou sin-pard'ning God,
To thee I look up through thy son ;
I plead his atonement by blood,
And hang on what Jesus hath done.

- 5 Dear Lord, to my sorrowful heart,
 Declare the remission of sin ;
 And to me thy spirit impart,
 To dwell as the witness within :
 My backsliding spirit restore,
 And unto thy servant draw near ;
 That what I've experienc'd before
 Of mercy, again may appear.
- 6 One smile can restore all my joys ;
 Bring heaven again to my mind ;
 One frown from thy face can destroy,
 And leave me to darkness consign'd :
 Thy sov'reign compassion display,
 In saving my soul by thy grace ;
 Then me to thy heaven convey,
 Thy mercy and goodness to praise.

- O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame !
 A light to shine upon the road,
 That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !

But now I find an aching void,
Which God alone can fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that make me mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be ;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
And light divine mark out the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

166

Morning Hymn.

P. M.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker !
Angels praise,
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

- 2 Father, Lord, of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light,
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

- 3 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,

- Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.
- 4 Holy Ghost, divine instructor,
 Guide me still;
 Let thy will
Be my sole conductor.
- 5 Thou this night wast my protector;
 With me stay
 All the day,
Ever my director.
- 6 Holy, holy, holy giver
 Of all good,
 Life and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.
- 7 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
 One in three,
 Give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.

- E**RE I sleep, for ev'ry favour
 This day shew'd
 By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
- 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
 To thy name,
 Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender!

- 3** Leave me not, but ever love me ;
Let thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.
- 4** Visit me with thy salvation ;
Let thy care
Still be near,
Round my habitation.
- 5** Be my rock, my guard, my tower ;
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with all thy power.
- 6** Save, O save me from the hidings
Of thy face ;
Let thy grace
Cancel my backslidings.
- 7** So, whene'er in death I slumber,
I shall rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.
- 8** Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Let me know
Thee below,
Thee above inherit.

168

The Christian's spring day.

C. M. D.

MY Lord's rich goodness claims a song
Of gratitude and love ;

O for an angel's nobler tongue,
And music us'd above ;
To praise the God whose mercies crown
My moments as they roll,
And pours the heav'nly manna down,
Which satisfies my soul.

2 When wearied with the cares of day
I give my eyes to sleep ;
From ev'ry rav'nous beast of prey
The Lord my soul doth keep ;
And when Aurora's smiling beams
Spread light around the sky ;
He wakes my pow'rs from pleasing dreams,
And still I find him nigh.

3 I rise, and to my glorious King
A hymn of honour raise ;
He listens to the notes I sing,
And deigns t' accept the praise ;
On wings of love he flies to meet,
And bless me with his grace ;
With him I hold communion sweet,
And see my Saviour's face.

PAUSE.

4 Beneath my shepherd's watchful eye
I take the morning air,
In which the vernal breezes sigh,
And balmy fragrance bear ;
'Tis here my ardent soul doth rise
On contemplation's wings,

And longs to reach the upper skies,
While nature round me sings.

- 5 O sacred solitude ! I cry,
How far thy sweets exceed !
The noise to which the giddy fly,
The joys to which they speed !
While madness drives their steps along
And hurls them down the steep ;
With solitude can I go wrong ?
Or not advantage reap ?

- 6 No, cries my blest transported mind,
Whilst glory fills its pow'rs :
With solitude my heaven I find ;
How happy are these hours !
All hail ye joys which now I feel !
Ye antipasts of heav'n !
Glory begun ! and ye the seal
Of what shall soon be giv'n.

PAUSE.

- 7 If, when engag'd in mortal things,
This rapt'rous joy subside ;
Sweet peace within my bosom springs,
And with me doth abide ;
Contented with my humble lot,
I envy not the great ;
Happy with Jesus in my cot,
As on a throne of state.

- 8 The morning found my Saviour kind ;
 He smiling, blest the light ;
 Nor doth the ev'ning alter'd find
 The God who rules the night :
 'Tis thy unchanging love, my Lord,
 That heightens all my bliss ;
 That sweetens all, these worlds afford,
 Or that where Jesus is.
- 9 'Tis thus my days I sweetly spend,
 And thus my nights go on ;
 I wait for that appointed end
 Which shall my wishes crown ;
 There, in the glories that await
 I shall enjoy a part ;
 And joys, unutterably great,
 Shall swell my ravish'd heart.

- L**ORD of my life look kindly down,
 And with an ev'ning visit crown
 The blessings of the day ;
 In mercy speak unto my heart,
 Thy holy spirit now impart,
 And teach me how to pray.
- 2 To thee I look, for thee I sigh ;
 Without thy presence Lord I die,
 And sink to rise no more :
 O let me see thy smiling face,
 And feel the influence of thy grace,
 And love thee, and adore.

- 3 Lord, condescend with peace to bless
My mind, and all my wants redress,
 'Till ended are my days;
Then, while my body sleeps in dust,
Among the spirits of the just,
 My soul thy name shall praise.

170

For a National Fast.

C. M.

- S**EE, gracious God before thy throne
The mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, "forbear."
- 4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise
Thro' this apostate isle!
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile!
- 5 How chang'd, alas! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

6 O turn thou us, Almighty Lord,
 By thy all-conquering grace ;
 Then shall our hearts receive thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.

7 Then, should insulting foes invade,
 We need not yield to fear ;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, is near.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Show thyself the Prince of peace,
 Bid all jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
 Ev'ry stumbling block remove ;
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
 Each his brother's burden bear ;
 For thy church the pattern give,
 How true believers live.

- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly.
Show how true believers die.

172

Christian Concord.

C. M.

- O** Let thy love our hearts constrain;
Jesus the crucify'd !
What hast thou done our hearts to gain !
Languish'd, and groan'd, and dy'd !
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts,
Let kindness sweetly write her law;
Let love command our hearts.
- 3 Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesu's footsteps shine ;
Who would not own the pleasing way
Of charity divine ?
- 4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring souls to move,
And force a frowning world to say,
" See how these Christians love !"

173

At the Meeting of Christian Friends.

7c.

BLEST thy Jesus's sacrifice,
Lest we should never be free;
May we, when sorrow's dews are shed,
Meet in a more glorious place.

- 2 When we once shall there arrive,
Ever happy we shall reign;
Ever with our Saviour live,
'Midst a host of perfect men.
- 3 There no evil shall intrude,
Grief shall there no more be known;
Wash'd in our Redeemer's blood;
Rais'd to wear the heav'nly crown.
- 4 Come, dear brethren, joyful come,
Forward boldly let us press;
Humbly let our souls presume,
Trust in Jesu's righteousness.
- 5 Pray we for the promis'd hour,
When the family complete,
Borne on clouds, and girt with pow'r,
In the house above shall meet.
- 6 Master, hasten on the day,
Glorious to thy judgment come!
Call thy trav'ling saints away,
Lord, we long to be at home!

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are join'd in heart.

- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nor ought esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive ;
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When vanquish'd death shall shrink away,
And bodies part no more.

175

Christian Moderation.

S. M.

- L**ET party zeal no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found :
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

- 3 Let envy and ill will
Be banish'd far away :
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

- O** JESUS, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich blessings convey'd through
thy word !
- 2 In spirit we trace
Thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
- 3 The ancient of days
His glory displays,
And shines on his chosen with cherishing rays.
- 4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad,
The language of mercy—salvation through
blood.
- 5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel day.

- 6 The people who know
 The Saviour below,
 With burning affection to worship him glow.
- 7 This blessing is mine,
 Through favour divine:
 But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
- 8 The work is of Grace,
 Thine, thine be the praise!
 And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

177

Dismission.

P. M.

- L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, thy love possessing
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 O refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us, ever more, be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels wings to heaven,

Glad the summons to obey,
 We shall surely
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

178.

The Dying Christian to his soul.

P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

179

Funeral of a Saint.

P. M.

AH lovely appearance of death;
 No sight upon earth is so fair;

Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.

- 2 How blest is our brother bereft,
Of all that could burthen his mind,
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind.
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relicts with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, and shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er:
The quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more :
The heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again:

- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:
 The fountain can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free,
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.

180 *On the death of an eminent Saint.* P. M.

- ON the everlasting mountains,
 Lo, the thirsty, longing soul
 Drinks, where from a thousand fountains,
 Endless joys in rivers roll.
- 2 Burst the captive from his prison,
 Glad to leave the realms of night ;
 Glorious now the exile's risen
 To his home, his God, in light.
- 3 " Christ, the strength of heav'nly warriors !"
 Shouts the victor spirit now ;
 " Arm'd by thee I've storm'd the barriers !
 Conquer'd is the haughty foe !
- 4 Now receive me to the city,
 Let me join the happy band ;
 Me the object of thy pity !
 Crown me, crown me with thy hand !"
- 5 Hosts celestial, see it granted !
 Praise, in pealing anthems praise !

**Christ the Lord gave all he wanted!
Raise, to Jesus, anthems raise !**

- 6 On the everlasting mountains,
Lo ! the sav'd, th' enraptur'd soul
Sings, where from a thousand fountains,
Endless joys in rivers roll.**

FINIS.

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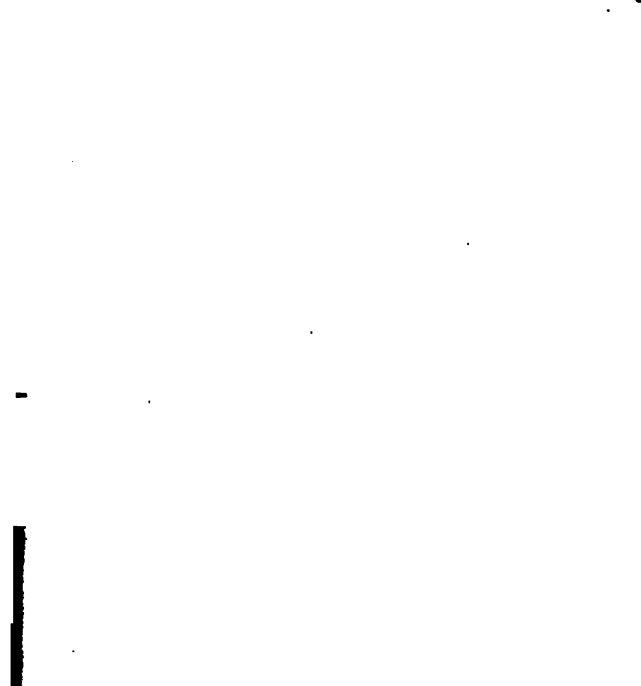
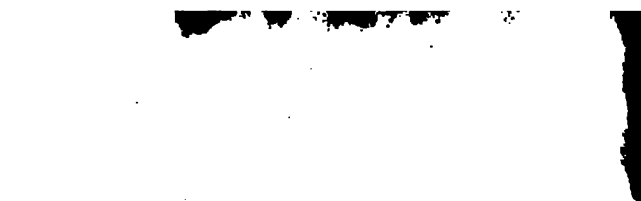
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